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MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

Life and Services

OF

MYRON B. WRIGHT

FEB. 9—MARCH 1, 1895

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MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND SERVICES

OF

MYRON B. WRIGHT

(LATE A REPRESENTATIVE FROM PENNSYLVANIA)

DELIVERED IN THE

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AND SENATE,

FIFTY-THIRD CONGRESS, THIRD SESSION.

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Death of Representative Wright.

Proceedings in the House.

December 3, 1894.

Mr. Scranton. Mr. Speaker, it is with sorrow that I announce to the House of Representatives the death of our late colleague, Myron B. Wright, recently representing the Fifteenth district of the State of Pennsylvania, which occurred at Trenton, Ontario, on the 13th of November last.

Mr. Wright's death is the fourth among the Representatives from Pennsylvania elected to the present Congress.

It is not my purpose now to make any remarks commemorative of the character of the deceased. Upon some future occasion that will be our sad duty.

Mr. Speaker, as a mark of respect to the memory of a Representative present at our last adjournment, but now absent for evermore, I offer the following resolutions and ask their adoption by the House.

The Speaker. The gentleman from Pennsylvania submits the resolutions which the Clerk will report.

The resolutions were read, as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with sincere regret the announcement of the death of Myron B. Wright, late a Representative from the State of Pennsylvania.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate the foregoing resolution to the Senate.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the House do now adjourn.

The resolutions were agreed to.

And in accordance with the terms thereof the House adjourned.

DECEMBER 12, 1894.

Mr. SCRANTON. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent for the immediate consideration of a resolution fixing a date for the delivery of eulogies upon my late colleague, the Hon. MYRON B. WRIGHT, late a Representative from the Fifteenth district of Pennsylvania.

The resolution was read, as follows:

Resolved, That the second Saturday in February, 1895, beginning at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, be set apart for eulogies on the life and services of Hon. MYRON B. WRIGHT, late a Representative from the Fifteenth district of Pennsylvania.

The resolution was adopted.

FEBRUARY 9, 1895.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will report the special order.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the second Saturday in February, 1895, beginning at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, be set apart for eulogies on the life and services of Hon. MYRON B. WRIGHT, late a Representative from the Fifteenth district of Pennsylvania.

Mr. SCRANTON. Mr. Speaker, I ask for the present consideration of the resolutions I send to the Clerk's desk.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of the Hon. MYRON B. WRIGHT, late a Representative from the State of Pennsylvania.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the business of the House be now suspended, that his associates may be able to pay proper tribute to his high character and distinguished services.

Resolved, That as an additional mark of respect the House shall at the close of these ceremonies stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

Address of Mr. Scranton.

Mr. Speaker: In the busy hours of a closing Congress again we pause to turn the leaves of memory and pay fraternal tribute to one who was present in his seat at the adjournment of our last session, but who before we reconvened had left us for evermore. He was in the prime of manhood, with every expectation of life, was filling a useful and honorable career, and his future was bright and promising. The sudden death of such a one is a rude shock to strong men and appalling to surviving friends, even though death itself can have no terrors if it is but an awakening of the mortal into immortality.

The Fifteenth district of Pennsylvania—Bradford, Wyoming, Susquehanna, and Wayne counties—was unprepared for the death of its Congressman, on the 13th of November last, and greatly mourns his loss. Although ailing with throat trouble for a year past, so serious a termination of his illness was not expected. While seeking restoration of health in Canada, he was elected for the fourth time last November by a largely increased majority, despite his absence from the district during the campaign.

Myron B. Wright was notably successful in all his undertakings. Nominally the cashier of the First National Bank of Susquehanna, to which position he successively rose from a clerkship, he was, in fact, the bank itself. He was largely interested in the manufacture of wood alcohol and acids, from which enterprise he amassed a large fortune. His political career was marked by the same successful characteristics as his business life. When first nominated for

Congress, in 1888, he had never held office, except as school director, and was not even well known throughout his own county, although born, reared, and always a resident of it, while to the other three counties he was almost a stranger. But the Fifteenth district, after knowing him, learned to appreciate his qualities of leadership, realized his usefulness, and honored him with a seat in this House. At the outset of his Congressional aspirations it was supposed he merely coveted the distinction of a single term, or the regulation two terms at most. But under his influence and direction the hitherto discordant elements in the district became harmonious, and he was honored as was no Congressman from the Wilmot district since the days of Grow, before the war.

In his first (the Fifty-first) Congress he immediately took rank as a valued adviser in tariff legislation, and in consequence there arose between Mr. WRIGHT and Mr. McKinley an intimacy which ripened into the closest friendship. It is characteristic of his generous nature that afterward, when Governor McKinley suffered financial ruin through others, MYRON B. WRIGHT was one of a few moneyed friends who came to the great protectionist's relief by paying all his obligations, thus saving Mrs. McKinley's private estate and the Governor's personal credit.

Mr. WRIGHT was a close friend of Senator Quay, whose attention he first attracted by the thorough work he did for Blaine in 1884 throughout the southern tier of New York and his liberal personal expenditures for the purpose. No one in the Pennsylvania Congressional delegation was personally more popular than he was, while his friendships were equally strong with colleagues in other sections.

Mr. WRIGHT was in the zenith of manhood, forty-seven years of age, and while he has left a record and pleasant memories unattainable by many men of equal advantages whose years might double his, the thought is uppermost at this time, what a loss is a man of such promise! To him the accumulation of money was valued only as a means of doing good; he was generosity and honor personified, and many a recipient of his open-heartedness will cherish his memory in sorrow. Although without the advantages of a liberal education and with no pretense to public speaking, during his career in Congress as a thinker, a student, and a writer he developed an aptitude for his surroundings, and produced several excellent speeches and open letters expressing opinions upon public affairs which attracted much favorable attention and commendation, notably his reply to the sugar planters' appeal from Louisiana.

Mr. WRIGHT owned his residence in Washington, and spent much of his time here during recesses of Congress, attending to the interests of his constituents. His predecessors, Jadwin and Bunnell, were devoted to their constituents, especially in pension matters, but Mr. WRIGHT eclipsed even their record in this respect—not an easy task.

His summers of late years were largely spent on the St. Lawrence, among the beautiful Thousand Islands, where he entertained in a princely manner in his own cottage, his private steam launch, and in other ways. He had scarcely been a resident of his district for six years, and yet with each year he had grown steadily in the esteem and affection of his constituents. The Fifteenth district will miss him, his colleagues in Congress will miss him, and his large circle of valued acquaintances and many friends everywhere will miss him and mourn his untimely demise.

Who is this grim visitant that comes to our dwelling place? His mien is sinister, his countenance forbidding, his eyes are sad and somber. At his approach flowers lose their fragrance, the air its freshness, the very skies their brilliancy. He comes, and our happy laughter is changed into inconsolable tears; he comes, and our joyous apparel is cast aside; we clothe us in the garb of grief. He wears the mantle of destruction; his glance is that of the conqueror; his lips are silent. And yet to some he appears with the gladsome look of an expectant lover; to some he appears as the harbinger of rest, as the Angel of Charity; he brings a gift—the peace of God which passeth all understanding. It is Death. It is Death, uncontrollable, insatiable, and inexorable, who has taken from among us a mark that has shone earnest and steadfast as a beacon light of example to those who love the precepts of manliness and virtue, and as a pillar of ominous cloud to those who love them not.

It is sad for us to know that never again shall we behold that genial face, that look of friendly welcome; that never again shall we feel the warm clasp of his hand, whose firm and kindly pressure betokened the singleness and sincerity of his character. And it is sad for him to pass from a world where its noblest and its fairest delighted to honor him—from a world that gazed from the laurels that marked his brow but yesterday to those even fairer ones which surely awaited his future. Yet can we grieve that he roams—as must so good a man—the halls of everlasting light; that he gazes with the eyes of divine content not upon the dingy beauties of human life, but upon those mansions whose walls inclose unutterable happiness and eternal rest? Ours is the loss. Peace, brother; farewell!

ADDRESS OF MR. CAUSEY.

Mr. SPEAKER: After a brief illness MYRON B. WRIGHT, a Representative from the Fifteenth Congressional district of the State of Pennsylvania, died at Trenton, in Canada, whither he had gone in search of health, on November 13, 1894. In the prime of life, just when his sterling qualities were making him conspicuous among his fellow-men, "God's finger touched him, and he slept."

I feel, Mr. Speaker, that in my humble way I must weave some little garland to the memory of my departed friend, even though it be intertwined with those heart throbs and sighs which find their readiest expression chiefly in tears.

My first acquaintance with Mr. WRIGHT began when I entered Congress, and during my first term there sprang up a warm and sincere friendship between us that continued until he was called to another world. It is almost impossible to describe how friendships in Congress are formed. They are like those of school and college life, it seems to me. That between our deceased brother and myself grew almost imperceptibly. He was a warm-hearted, sincere, genuine man. He received no especial educational advantages in early life, but by sheer industry, honesty, and perseverance rose step by step from a humble position to one of affluence and prominence. He had a just pride in his early achievements, but was as modest as a woman, and only after long intimacy could he be induced to speak of his success in life.

One of his well-marked characteristics was his generosity and kindness. He delighted in making all around him

happy, and never seemed to enjoy himself more than when he was entertaining his friends. His acts of charity were many and always done so unostentatiously that he really made the recipients feel that they were doing him a kindness in accepting them.

At his funeral I saw the carpenter and the blacksmith, as well as the banker and the merchant, as they looked on the bier, shed bitter tears for him who had been the great strength of his town. More than once the expression was heard, while the whole town was in mourning, "MYRON B. WRIGHT was the friend of all that was good."

In the death of Mr. WRIGHT his family lost a devoted husband and loving father, whose presence made home supremely happy; the churches a faithful supporter; his neighbors a kind and courteous friend, whose warm heart and cordial hand always gave them sincere welcome; his district and State an able and industrious Representative, who was true to every trust.

He has gone from the cares and trials of this life to the crowning glories of eternity, but his memory will live in the hearts of his friends and of the people he represented so faithfully and so well.

Address of Mr. Charles W. Stone.

Mr. Speaker: Three hundred and fifty-six men were elected to membership in this House. During the two years of its existence eleven of these have died, and of those eleven more than one-third were from the State of Pennsylvania. Four times has the grim messenger come to our delegation with his sad summons. Four times has this House paused in its proceedings and laid aside its ordinary business to pay becoming tributes of respect to the memory of Pennsylvania's dead. The sturdy and strong Mutchler, the genial and generous Lilly, the amiable and attentive O'Neill, the modest and manly Wright, all men of high character, of distinguished service, of earnest purpose, and of winning qualities, have gone on before, and the places that knew them here shall know them no more forever. Pennsylvania is stricken and mourns, but the country shares in her loss, and the Congress of all the States joins in her expressions of sorrow and her tributes of respect. These men were Representatives of single districts and from but one State, but they were lawmakers for the whole of a great nation. No district or State lines bounded their patriotism or limited their loyalty, and their examples and their memories are part of the treasure of a common country.

Death is seldom welcome. We shrink from his cold touch. His summons seems never kind, his presence never timely. We recognize the messenger of Infinite Power and Infinite Love, and we bow to His decrees, but to us they

are still inscrutable. Why the nation must lose an experienced and faithful legislator, his constituents a trusted and efficient Representative, his family a beloved father and husband still in the flower of vigorous manhood, no one can understand. A mission is apparently unfinished; a work but partly done; a life quenched at the time of its greatest usefulness. Why is it? Only the voice of Omniscience can answer.

Mr. WRIGHT was my colleague and friend for four years, and yet I came to know him thoroughly and fully only during the later weeks and months of his service here. A common and special interest in certain features of the revenue legislation of last session brought us much together and gave me exceptional opportunities to learn the depth and breadth of his mind and heart. He was quiet and unpretentious, seldom mingling in debate, never obtruding himself upon the public gaze; but he had a broad grasp of public questions and an intelligent comprehension of pending measures, and was always earnest and positive in his opinions and convictions and frank and outspoken in their expression.

He loved his country, was patriotic in all his impulses; but the interests of his constituents were his first care, and for them he labored with an earnestness and zeal that knew no weariness or flagging. He enjoyed, as he deserved to enjoy, their fullest confidence. From the historic district of Wilmot and Grow he was sent for three successive terms, and shortly before he died he had been renominated without opposition and reelected by a greatly increased majority for a fourth term

He was conscientious in the performance of duty, true to his word, true to his friends, true to himself. He was

frank by nature, sincere and earnest in word and act. As a citizen he was enterprising and public-spirited, living close to the people among whom he was born and always had his home, mingling with them in their everyday life, sympathizing with their feelings, and sharing in their aspirations. As a business man he was straightforward in his methods, honorable and upright in his dealings, energetic and successful in his enterprises. In his family he was affectionate, kind, and true, the light of their life, the guide of their actions.

Mr. Speaker, I shall attempt no statement of the events of Mr. WRIGHT'S life, no detailed analysis of his character or achievements. That is the privilege of those who had known him longer if not better than I did; but I could not refrain on this occasion from adding my tribute of affectionate admiration of his many manly qualities, of appreciative respect for his character, his life, and his work; of sincere sympathy for his widowed wife, doubly bereaved in the loss of husband and son; for the orphaned boy, who loses by the same cruel blow a father's guidance and a brother's companionship.

This House loses a valued member, the nation a faithful servant, his constituents a watchful, zealous, and true Representative, you and I a beloved friend; but we can hardly appreciate the darkness and sorrow and desolation which came into the life of wife and son, of brother, father, and friends, when the light of that life went out in that foreign land. We can not lighten their burden, we can not lessen their sorrow; we can but tender in proper terms the condolence of associates who loved him and who sympathize with them.

Mr. Speaker, if I were to sum up in a single sentence my estimate of the life and work of MYRON B. WRIGHT and engrave upon his monument a fitting epitaph, I could not do so better than by using the words of another:

He has done the work of a true man.

Address of Mr. Smith of Arizona.

Mr. Speaker: Death comes to all, despite every tear that love may shed and every prayer that breaking hearts may force toward Heaven. The world has grown old enough to view with some philosophy the death of the young and the old, but no human wisdom or faith, no hope or love, has ever yet fully reconciled us to the death of a friend in the very noontide of a successful and hopeful life; and we who were his friends stand to-day at the bier of Myron B. Wright overwhelmed by the sense of our loss. While the records of the proceedings of this body show much that he has done for his district, which he loved so well, and for his country, which he loved more, and tempt me to enter into a full history of his service here, I feel constrained to speak of him as a man and a friend, leaving a review of his public service to abler minds than mine.

In my eight years' service in this distinguished body I have known with more or less intimacy almost every man serving in this House, and among them I have never found a truer or a kinder soul than that which animated our departed friend. With a heart as wide as man's universe, a faith as broad as the promises of God, he felt constrained in his benefactions by no creed, but gave freely to every deserving cause and rejoiced in every good work and kindly deed of man. I have never known a man of broader charity than he; there was nothing narrow or proscriptive in his nature. In all my intercourse with him I never heard a criticism of any human being's conduct fall from his lips.

Let this not be considered as want of strength in him. I know he felt as strongly as you or I, and would not hesitate to rebuke wrong whenever and wherever he met it.

I trust I may be pardoned here in alluding to an incident somewhat personal, and recounted only to throw a glint of light on the hospitableness of his character. In the Fifty-first Congress several friends of his concluded to go to the Thousand Islands, in the St. Lawrence River, on a fishing excursion, and he was of course the central figure and heart of the company. He came to me and in his inexpressibly cordial and sweet way asked me to join the party, to which I readily consented, being myself fond of the sport and well acquainted with the members of the party. Transportation was provided by Mr. WRIGHT; boats, boatmen, and equipments were likewise provided by him, each of us thinking that he was keeping account for settlement when our tour was ended. We never saw any item of that account. He laughingly said he had lost it, and no importunity could force him to take a cent from any one of us. He loved that beautiful river, and loved to have his friends enjoy the sweet delights of its placid bosom. He was a rare good fisherman. I remember few days of more pleasure than his bright eyes gave me, while I sat opposite him in his boat, observing him as he watched his trolling spoon for a rise of the mighty muskellunge.

Mr. WRIGHT was a lover of God and nature. The deep forest gave him inspiration; the roar of ocean was music to him; the unruffled water of the clear river was his delight. Every blossoming flower, singing bird, and leafing tree touched a sweet chord in his loving nature.

With all this tenderness was mixed a strength of purpose, a determination of will, which raised the young school

teacher from poverty to affluence, from obscurity to a prominent place on the floor of this House. Rarely have I seen such a combination of strength and lovableness united in one individual.

> He never made a brow look dark,
> Nor caused a tear but when he died.

The shock of his death came not alone to his devoted wife, for he had scarcely passed the river when his son, in whom he took great and just pride, followed him into the great beyond, the double affliction leaving a void in a happy home that even time's effacing hand can never hide.

As has been well said lately on this floor, "He is not gone," Mr. Speaker. "All the developments and achievements of the future, like the coral isles in the Pacific, become beautiful because they are based upon the innumerable mausoleums which we help to make—that foundation on which the glory, the prosperity, and the immortality of all that is good will rest forever."

Address of Mr. Wanger.

Mr. Speaker: The melancholy satisfaction of paying tribute to the virtues of one who was in his life, as citizen and as Representative, an example meriting emulation, unites in this instance with the warmth of a high personal regard. Memory fondly lingers over those who held our friendship by the noble attributes of gentle courtesy, steadfast fidelity, and unfailing helpfulness, which were so richly manifested by our late colleague, Myron B. Wright.

Unacquainted until a very few years since, a single meeting with him established a feeling of companionship as if of long standing, and subsequent association increased its fervor and added to it the respect due his keen insight, sound judgment, and ripe experience, while his cordial welcome to me as a member of this body and his generous proffer of assistance in acquiring familiarity with its methods of procedure and those of the Executive Departments of the Government won my lasting gratitude.

That he was of a genial nature and the soul of honor all who met him felt; of his patriotic fidelity to public duty his associates in this body, especially those of the committees on which he served, well knew; and of his zealous devotion to the welfare of his constituents the latter had convincing proof in attention given to their wants and the achievement of gratifying results. If his remote predecessor, the distinguished author of the Wilmot proviso, will be remembered for devotion to a national cause, his memory will be enshrined in the gratitude of his constituents for

the added reason of unusual efforts for the success of their humbler personal interests.

On the comparatively few occasions when he spoke in this Chamber it was, after careful preparation and with a thorough knowledge of the subjects treated, in a logical manner and with rich illustrations and cogent reasoning, giving to his addresses a permanent value, and leaving them a storehouse of information to the student of political economy and general public affairs.

His success in the business and political world illustrates the possibilities for the American youth who combines with honesty and industry intelligence, enterprise, and courage. From a humble clerkship he rose to the position of cashier of the leading bank of his town, and was the originator and directing spirit of a number of important manufacturing and commercial enterprises; and in a district where the principle of rotation among counties in the selection of a Representative in this body had long prevailed, he was thrice reelected without controversy respecting the nomination.

Removed from among us by that grim reaper who harvests from every age and condition, our sorrow at the loss is softened by the fact stated in the language of the ritual of a fraternal order of which our lamented colleague was a member:

> The memory of his virtues lingers in our remembrance, and reflects its shining luster beyond the portals of the tomb. The earthen vase which had contained precious odors will lose none of its fragrance though the clay be broken and shattered.

Address of Mr. Covert.

Mr. Speaker: On leaving my room this morning to come to this Chamber my eyes turned, as they had turned very often before, to a picture hanging on the wall. In the foreground were depicted the thoughtful, kindly, animated faces of Senator Proctor of Vermont, Senator Gibson of Maryland, and Senator Call of Florida. In a modest place in a group in the background of the picture was a faithful delineation of the compact figure and the open, manly face of Myron B. Wright, of Pennsylvania.

It was the representation of a joint committee of the Senate and House instructed by Congress in 1892 to visit Cuba to examine into the matter of immigration in its possible relation to threatened infectious diseases. It was my great good fortune to be one of that joint commission, and I but voice the thought of every member of it when I say that the genial personality and the frank and hearty comradeship of Mr. Wright formed most potential factors in making the entire journey most pleasurable. A previously existing friendship, already warm and cordial in character, was strengthened and cemented by the close companionship born of this journey.

We can all of us readily comprehend that in the Fifteenth Pennsylvania district, as in every other district represented on this floor, there are very many able and influential men properly ambitious of political distinction. It was creditable alike to Mr. Wright and the constituency that sent him here that this modest, unassuming gentleman, from

whom all self-seeking was as far removed as the earth from the sky, should have been elected, and thereafter, as we have been reminded to-day, thrice reelected to hold the commission of his home people in this Chamber.

He was always an accessible, patient, laborious, conscientious Representative, and the large and important interests of his district were during his entire service here absolutely safe in his keeping.

He had no overweening ambition in the direction of exalted statesmanship. His political faith was firmly founded, and he was quite content to accept the traditions and the teachings of his party without attempting to devise new policies or novel methods of governmental action. While he stood broadly upon the platform of Republicanism, his manly, genial nature made for him strong and devoted friends on the Democratic side of this Chamber. We of the opposition join with saddened hearts to-day in the expression of sincerest sympathy with his broken home circle and of deepest sorrow at the severance of the ties which bound him to us.

Mr. WRIGHT had all those manly qualities and gentle virtues that from all time have commended their possessors to the warm and tender regard of their fellow-men.

His faithfulness, his modesty, his kindness of heart—these were the attributes that brought his fellow-members to him and held them to him even as with bands of steel. Above all things else he was faithful, and this one quality, faithfulness—involving devotion to duty and fidelity to friends—most surely forms the noblest attribute in the character of any man.

As Lowell grandly summarizes it in his Image Breaker:

> Wealth and rule slip down with fortune as her wheel turns round;
> He who keeps his faith, he only can not be discrowned.
> Little were a change of station, loss of life or crown,
> But the wreck were past retrieving if the man fell down.

Through all his life the man whose memory we are met to-day to honor kept his faith with himself and with all mankind. In the performance of any duty, even though the slightest, he never fell and never even faltered.

Not with his eyes lowered downward to the earth, but with his gaze turned steadfastly to the skies, Mr. WRIGHT passed onward to his death, leaving behind him the record of a public and a private life each alike unspotted and unstained.

Address of Mr. Hicks.

Mr. Speaker: To do proper honor to the memory and pay proper tribute to the labors of an active, earnest, painstaking, and conscientious member of this honorable and distinguished branch of the American Congress is a privilege I would not seek and a duty I would not approach without hesitation and solicitude. The people of the great State of Pennsylvania stand with us to-day in doing honor to the memory, talents, energy, and industry of my late colleague, Hon. Myron B. Wright. "What a man does for others, not what they do for him, gives him immortality," said that great and distinguished statesman, Daniel Webster. And it is well written by another that—

> He who loves his fellow-men the best,
> His name on Heaven's immortal scroll leads all the rest.

In the light of these truisms and by this rule of the measuring of life's achievements the success of my late distinguished colleague stands like a tower, and his memory to his people in the light of his unselfishness and his labor for others is like a sweet perfume; and his honesty, purity, and integrity stand in as bold prominence as do his native hills of northern Pennsylvania.

It was during our brief months of vacation that the never-failing and vigilant seeker after men overtook him, and our remembrance of his devotion to duty recalls to mind as but of yesterday how faithfully he represented his district and State in all that pertained to its welfare and prosperity as he understood it, and how broad he made his platform of duty and of right; how deeply he cultivated

and always maintained a high sense of honor and fidelity to his country. No personal interest or cause had weight with him when duty pointed in some other direction. His delightful companionship, his social and friendly disposition and intercourse, so endeared him to his fellow-members and to all who knew him that his death was more felt and created more than an ordinary vacancy. In this busy Hall where all is life and energy it is rarely that the dropping out of a single member would be missed, yet in the death of our friend all who ever came in contact with him cannot but miss his friendly face, his stalwart form, and the cordial greeting that characterized his intercourse with all of his fellow-members.

It is said that death seeks a shining mark, and this has been fully verified in the death of our friend, as none upon this side of the Chamber was more truly loved than he. Those of us who knew the affliction from which he suffered in the days immediately preceding the adjournment of our second session, and recollect the solicitude exhibited by him for the interest of his district and State, and how faithfully he labored in protecting them during the last days of the session, can not find words sufficient to express our admiration of his devotion to duty; and when remonstrated with on account of his health and failing strength he answered, "My people expect me to care for them when I am here." Afterwards, when upon the floor of the Senate in the performance of this duty, he expressed the same thought to a fellow-member upon being most earnestly entreated to first consider himself. Self was not a part of our friend's life; devotion to duty and to successfully labor for others was his daily, yea, hourly, care.

It was scarcely thought that we would so soon be called upon to mourn his departure upon that journey from which none ever returns—that journey which so many dread, but which to our friend exhibited no terrors. He entered the dark valley without fear or doubt. Yet, Mr. Speaker, such is the uncertainty of human life—to-day alive, to-morrow forever silent. Surely our days are as the grass of the field, and our deeds alone are left to speak for us. How proudly we can point to the deeds of our friend, and in the light of them and of his many acts of kindness we realize that we have lost one of our noblest and choicest spirits and the great Commonwealth of Pennsylvania a distinguished statesman of broad mind, honest action, and pure and noble purposes, and his people, whom he loved with such fervor and served with zeal and fidelity, have lost a most faithful and devoted friend and Representative.

Said one of his neighbors, in writing of him:

MYRON B. WRIGHT was in the prime of manhood, forty-seven years of age; and while he has left a record and pleasant memories unattainable by many men of equal advantages whose years might double his, the thought is uppermost at this time, what a loss is a man of such promise. To him the accumulation of money was valued only as a means of doing good; he was generosity and honor personified, and many a recipient of his open-heartedness will cherish his memory in sorrow. Although without the advantages of a liberal education and with no pretense to public speaking, his career in Congress as a thinker, a student, and writer developed an aptitude for his surroundings and produced several excellent speeches and open letters expressing opinions upon public affairs which attracted much favorable attention.

Says another of his career:

MYRON B. WRIGHT'S career as a legislator, like that which marked his private business life, was brilliant and successful and characterized by inherent fidelity.

His growing popularity among his constituents in the Fifteenth district, by whom he was reelected to Congress for a fourth term a few days previous to his death, is best shown by the increased majority given him over that received by him in the contest of 1892. In 1892 he received 4,555 plurality in the district; in 1894, 8,150—a gain of 3,616. This certainly may be considered a flattering compliment as well as a verdict of popular approval of his record as a Congressman by the intelligent voters composing the district.

And said his pastor, in his eloquent and impressive sermon eulogistic of our friend, commenting upon his personal traits:

MYRON B. WRIGHT was the pride of his Congressional district. On November 6 he was elected for the fourth time to represent the old Wilmot district, and in honoring him the district honored itself, for a man more faithful to what he believed to be his duty to his constituents was not to be found. And how much his laborious efforts for others may have contributed to his early death I am not prepared to say; but this much I do know, that night after night, week after week, and month after month this faithful servant of the people toiled for others, that no poor soldier appealed to him in vain. The defenders of his country's flag and honor were his special care.

One of the strongest characteristics of Mr. WRIGHT was his friendship. When he did you a favor it was with so much grace that it almost seemed that you had conferred a favor upon him in permitting him to do it. * * *

Standing here to-day, I can sorrowfully voice the cry that comes up from all these interested hearts, Why is it? No human being has the power to answer, but He who is infinite in love, mercy, and compassion, who alone can tell, hides the answer in the depths of His own infinite purposes, and we bow before His will and say, "He doeth all things well!"

Our friend was a typical American, devoted to his country and its institutions; he loved them as he loved his life. He was like many other distinguished men of this great nation; he rose from the ranks of the people, and was honored by the people as one of those who developed traits of leadership, and when thus honored he was found in every respect worthy, and prided himself on keeping in touch with the people from whom he came. They knew his generous heart and noble instincts, and he never failed to respond to a worthy cause or a proper call. Thus was his public life.

Of his home life, all those who entered its sacred and lovely precincts found happiness, contentment, and genuine hospitality. Enjoying a fair share of the wealth of this world as the result of his own labors, he was without ostentation. We dare not venture further comment here, nor bring to mind to wounded hearts the poignant grief of

a beloved wife and mother, not only for the cherished husband, but also a promising son, who in his devotion to his father became a victim to the same dread disease, and they were both entombed on the same day side by side.

It is pleasant to know, Mr. Speaker—

> That not * * * with life's precarious fire
> The immortal ties of nature shall expire.
> These shall resist the triumph of decay,
> When time is o'er and worlds have passed away.
> Cold in the dust the perished heart may lie,
> But that which warmed it once shall never die;
> That spark, unburied in its mortal frame,
> With living light eternal, and the same
> Shall beam on joy's interminable years,
> Unveiled by darkness—unassuaged by tears.

Our friend died away from home in search of health, attended by his wife and their two sons. It was, however, his privilege and pleasure to receive a few days before his death the pleasing and gratifying news of having been for the fourth time chosen by the people as their Representative in this House.

The large concourse of friends and distinguished citizens from all parts of his great State present at the last sad rites of his funeral attest the affection and esteem in which he was held by those who knew him best. In the presence of his neighbors and a vast concourse of sympathizing friends he was buried on one of the hills overlooking the beautiful waters of the Susquehanna that he so much loved and admired in his lifetime.

We can well say of him:

> He had run his bright career,
> And served men nobly, and acceptance found,
> And borne to light and right his witness high.
> What can such better crave then than to die
> And wait the issue sleeping under ground?

To our friend death had no terrors, and with the record of a useful and honored life behind him he went forth into immortality, the life that is to come, with a certainty of receiving a reward for his devotion to duty and a rest from his labors.

Address of Mr. William A. Stone.

Mr. Speaker: One of the first men whom I learned to know in Congress was Myron B. Wright.

He was not an excitable man, nor was he given to much imagination. He always took as a foundation for his reasonings a fact instead of a theory. He was practical in all that he said and did. He did not aim to be witty, nor did he aspire to oratory, and yet the people who knew him would rely on his judgment and follow his leadership. He came here to represent his district faithfully, honestly, and sensibly, and he did it in each particular. The district had never been better represented or more closely looked after.

He impressed you at once as a practical, candid, truthful man. People would not lie to him, for they saw at once that if they did he would not believe them. He was shrewd, cautious, and conservative, but once get his confidence and he was as confiding and trustful as a child; but he never was deceived, and never trusted anyone who did not deserve it.

He knew human nature, and knew what men would do under given circumstances. He knew what his people expected him to do, and his course in Congress was very satisfactory to those who sent him here. He was a much safer and better Representative than many more brilliant men. He rightly understood that he was not sent here so much to make speeches as to vote the will of his constituents. He was invaluable on committees, where the

Congressman principally does his work. He had no difficulty in finding which was the right side of any question, and his vote was always on that side.

He was a stalwart in all his public acts, and never dodged or hesitated to assume their responsibilities. Being a practical business man, he soon became a successful politician, not in the sense in which it is sometimes understood, but in the sense of a leader and guide among his party friends.

He was genial, kind-hearted, and popular among his colleagues. He had as many friends in the House as any man who has ever sat in it for the same length of time.

Such a man was MYRON B. WRIGHT as I understood him. His death was a shock to me. I did not know that he was ill until I heard that he had passed away. Cut off in the prime of life, his untimely death illustrates the frail tenure by which we hold. In the midst of action, busy with plans for the future and partly matured plans of the past, he was suddenly and unexpectedly summoned; no excuse, no plea, would palliate the stern messenger.

It seems hard that a man like him, just in the height of his usefulness to his family and the people of his district, should be called; and yet death comes quite frequently in this way.

We, his colleagues, on this day set apart in memory of him, can all faithfully say that in his death we have lost a worthy coworker, a valiant comrade, and a dearly loved friend.

ADDRESS OF MR. GROW.

Mr. SPEAKER: During this Congress, with short intervals, the funeral dirge has reminded us that—

> The battle of our life is brief,
> The alarm, the struggle, the relief;
> Then sleep we side by side.

MYRON B. WRIGHT, our departed colleague, was elected four successive times, the last one just a week before his death, to represent the Congressional district in the State of Pennsylvania composed of the counties of Bradford, Susquehanna, Wayne, and Wyoming. The two largest counties of his district, Bradford and Susquehanna, with Tioga County, for more than a third of a century preceding 1860 had composed a Congressional district whose people in the stirring political events of that period acted no inconspicuous part in the history of the country.

The year Mr. WRIGHT was born David Wilmot, then representing that district, offered an amendment to a bill pending in this House appropriating $2,000,000, to be placed at the disposal of the President for concluding a peace with the Republic of Mexico of the war then pending by reason of the annexation of Texas. The proviso was adopted in this House by the unanimous vote of the Representatives from the nonslaveholding States with three exceptions. But the bill thus amended was defeated in the Senate. Mr. Wilmot's amendment provided—

> That as an express and fundamental condition to the acquisition of any territory from the Republic of Mexico by the United States by virtue of any treaty which may be negotiated between them, and to the use by the Executive of the moneys herein appropriated, neither slavery nor involuntary servitude shall ever exist in any part of said territory except for crime, whereof the party shall first be duly convicted.

This amendment has gone into history as the Wilmot proviso. The Congressional action on this question was the beginning of the third epoch of what is recognized as the specific periods of slavery agitation in our country. The first was the adoption of Jefferson's proviso in the ordinance of 1787, which prohibited slavery in all the territory lying northwest of the Ohio River. The second was the passage of the act of March 6, 1820, which prohibited slavery in all the territory of the Louisiana purchase north of the parallel of 36° 30″ north latitude, except what was in the State of Missouri. This act is known as the Missouri compromise. The third period was the adoption of this proviso near the close of the first session of the Twenty-ninth Congress, in 1846, and which culminated eight years later, on the 26th day of May, 1854, in the passage of the Kansas and Nebraska bill, which repealed the restriction on the extension of slavery in the act of March 6, 1820. This was the opening prelude to the mightiest conflict of arms in the history of the race. It caused the dismemberment and dissolution of old political parties and the formation of new ones. Within three months after the repeal of the Missouri compromise the first action anywhere of organized political parties was taken in this old Wilmot district for combining the political elements which a little later coalesced throughout the nonslaveholding States into the Republican party, whose banner, inscribed with "Free soil, free speech, and free men," was borne to victory six years later by its great standard bearer, the unlettered child of the prairies, Abraham Lincoln.

Preceding the coalescence of the political elements in this Congressional district mass meetings, it is true, were held

in other portions of the country recommending the formation of a new political party and suggesting fitting names for the new organization. But the political elements—Whig, Democratic, Free Soil, and Abolitionist proper—in this old district were the first anywhere to combine in the same political party.

At the election in October, 1854, the Representative in Congress from this district, who had opposed the repeal of the Missouri compromise, was reelected by the unanimous vote of the district. Franklin Pierce, for President, had received in 1852 2,500 majority, and Lincoln in 1860 received over 11,000.

In the midst of such a people Mr. WRIGHT was born, and surrounded by such political influences he grew to manhood. Like his boy associates of the neighborhood, his youth was passed in labors on the farm in summer and in attending the district school in winter. The last year of his school education was spent at the academy in Montrose, the county seat of his native county. Afterwards for a short time he taught school in the neighboring townships until he found employment as a clerk at low wages (about $3 per week) in a bank at Susquehanna, of which subsequently he was elected cashier, which position he held until the time of his death.

Mr. WRIGHT'S career illustrates in a marked degree the beneficent influences of the free institutions under which we live, where man is born to no rank or condition in life, and where all the highways to honorable distinction lead as well from the district schoolhouse and the lowly cot of honest toil as from the gilded palaces of wealth or the halls of academic culture.

Without any of the fortuitous advantages of family wealth or family influence, Mr. WRIGHT, by his own inherent force of character, wrought his way to business success and to political positions of honor. By his fidelity to every trust and his laborious faithfulness in the discharge of the duties incident to his position he won the respect and esteem of the people among whom he lived and achieved that highly commendable, as well as most desirable, success in life which comes to all who do well their part.

> You may be tiller of the soil, or toiler by the day;
> Remember, then, he does the best, the best in every way,
> Who has a single aim in view, determined from the start,
> In whate'er he shall pursue, to truly do his part.
> Though doctor, lawyer, teacher, priest, learn this command by heart:
> They never fail, but all succeed, who simply do their part.

Proceedings in the Senate.

December 4, 1894.

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. T. O. Towles, its Chief Clerk, announced to the Senate the death of Myron B. Wright, late a Representative from the State of Pennsylvania, and communicated to the Senate the resolutions of the House thereon.

Mr. Quay. I ask the Chair to lay before the Senate the resolutions which have just been received from the House of Representatives.

The Vice-President. The Chair lays before the Senate the resolutions of the House of Representatives, which will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

In the House of Representatives,
December 3, 1894.

Resolved, That the House has heard with sincere regret the announcement of the death of Myron B. Wright, late a Representative from the State of Pennsylvania.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate the foregoing resolution to the Senate.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the House do now adjourn.

Mr. Quay. Mr. President, on another occasion it will be my duty to invite the attention of the Senate to the consideration of the resolutions which have just been read. For the present I offer the resolutions which I send to the desk, and ask their immediate consideration and adoption.

The Vice-President. The resolutions submitted by the Senator from Pennsylvania will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with deep sensibility the announcement of the death of the Hon. MYRON B. WRIGHT, late a Representative from the State of Pennsylvania.

Resolved, That as an additional mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the Senate do now adjourn.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to; and the Senate adjourned until Wednesday, December 5, 1894, at 12 o'clock m.

MARCH 1, 1895.

Mr. CAMERON. Mr. President, I ask that the resolutions from the House of Representatives on the death of my late colleague, Hon. MYRON B. WRIGHT, be laid before the Senate.

The Presiding Officer laid before the Senate the resolutions of the House of Representatives, and they were read, as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
February 9, 1895.

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of the Hon. MYRON B. WRIGHT, late a Representative from the State of Pennsylvania.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the business of the House be now suspended, that his associates may be able to pay proper tribute to his high character and distinguished services.

Resolved, That as an additional mark of respect the House shall at the close of these ceremonies stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Mr. CAMERON. Mr. President, I submit the resolutions which I send to the desk, and ask for their adoption.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The resolutions submitted by the Senator from Pennsylvania will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. MYRON B. WRIGHT, late a Representative from the Fifteenth district of the State of Pennsylvania.

Resolved, That the business of the Senate be now suspended in order that fitting tribute be paid to his memory.

ADDRESS OF MR. CAMERON.

Mr. PRESIDENT: Eleven times since the assembling of the Fifty-third Congress has death entered the other House of the National Legislature and four times this Senate. Four honored sons of my State—Representatives Mutchler, Lilly, O'Neill, and WRIGHT—have been among those summoned to render final account.

It is with feelings of sadness that I am called upon to ask the Senate to again suspend its business in these closing days of its session to pay fitting tribute to the memory of my late colleague, Hon. MYRON B. WRIGHT, of Susquehanna, Pa., late Representative from the Fifteenth Congressional district of Pennsylvania, who died at Trenton, Ontario, Tuesday, November 13, 1894, at 9.45 in the morning, in the forty-eighth year of his age. For some time previous to his death he had been troubled with throat disease, and after the adjournment of the last session of Congress, accompanied by his family, he went to Canada, where he had a cottage among the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence, to seek that rest and quiet which he needed so much after undergoing the laborious work which that long session entailed upon him. He, however, contracted a severe cold, which greatly aggravated his throat trouble. This was followed by typhoid pneumonia, which culminated in his death. While it had been known that he was very ill, it was reported that he was out of danger and steadily convalescing, and the sudden and sad announcement of his death was a great shock to his many friends

and admirers, not only in his district but throughout the whole State, and it cast a gloom over the entire community in which he had lived.

Mr. WRIGHT was born on the 12th day of June, 1847, at Forest Lake, Susquehanna County, Pa. He received his education at the public schools of his county and at Montrose Academy. He taught school in the town of Jessup in the winter of 1865–66. In the spring of 1866 he moved to Susquehanna, where he obtained a clerkship in the First National Bank, of which his uncle, Mr. George A. Guernsey, was founder and cashier. He was elected assistant cashier of this bank in 1867, and in 1869, upon the retirement of his uncle, he was elected cashier, which position he held until his death.

Mr. WRIGHT was successful in all his undertakings, and by his untiring energy and financial business tact he succeeded in putting the bank on a solid foundation, making it one of the stanchest financial institutions in northern Pennsylvania. He was also largely interested in the manufacture of wood alcohol and acids, and was prominently identified with many other enterprises in his county, from which he amassed a comfortable fortune.

Before Mr. WRIGHT was elected to Congress he had never held public office except that of school director.

The Fifteenth Congressional district of Pennsylvania, commonly known as the old Wilmot district, and lately represented by Mr. WRIGHT, is composed of the four counties of Bradford, Susquehanna, Wayne, and Wyoming, containing a population of 174,375.

In 1886, being the nominee of the Republican party of his district to represent them in the Fifty-first Congress, he

was elected by a handsome majority, running many hundred votes ahead of his ticket. He was successively elected by large majorities to the Fifty-second Congress, the Fifty-third Congress, and to the next, the Fifty-fourth Congress. His last election, to the Fifty-fourth Congress, a few days before his death, and while away from home, attests his popularity among his constituents and the esteem in which he was held. The increased majority which he received in his last election over that of 1892 was a deserving compliment, and it indorsed emphatically his splendid record in the National House of Representatives. For instance, in 1892 he received 4,586 plurality, and in 1894 8,171, a gain of 3,585 votes in two years.

In the Fifty-first Congress, which was Republican, Mr. WRIGHT served on the important Committees on Banking and Currency and Public Lands; in the Fifty-second Congress, which was Democratic, he served on the Committees on Ventilation and Acoustics and Immigration and Naturalization, and in the Fifty-third Congress, which was also Democratic, on the Committees on Public Buildings and Grounds and Militia.

Mr. WRIGHT possessed many noble traits of character—open-hearted, courteous, and generous to a fault, and kindly, cordial, and extremely obliging to everyone. All requests from his constituents, no matter how trivial or insignificant, received prompt and cheerful attention. Said one who knew him well: "One of the strongest characteristics of MYRON B. WRIGHT was his friendship. When he did you a favor it was with so much grace that it almost seemed that you had conferred a favor upon him in permitting him to do it."

He was indefatigable and energetic as a true representative of the interests of not only his immediate constituents but of those of the whole State, and unselfishly displayed more zeal in their behalf than he did for his own private interests. Especially were the old veterans of his district devotedly attached to him by reason of his unfailing, persevering, and untiring services in their behalf. It was his proud title to be known as the "soldier's friend."

He was a hard-working and persistent man. I remember, personally, instances where he had, at different times, on his motion passed through the House of Representatives bills for the relief of certain soldier constituents. They were hardly engrossed in the other body when he came to my seat in the Senate and requested me to use my very best efforts to have prompt and speedy action taken upon them in this body, and although some months intervened before they were reported from the committee to which they had been referred, seldom did he allow a day to pass in the interval without either seeing me personally or writing me a letter urging action on those bills.

Mr. WRIGHT was in the prime of manhood when he was called hence. When I had the pleasure of seeing him at the adjournment of the last session of Congress he seemed to be in robust health, and had, as far as human eye could judge, many long and useful years before him. The old proverb that "misfortunes never come singly" proved to be too true in this particular instance. The family of Mr. WRIGHT, it is sad to relate, were doubly afflicted at the time of his death. While Mr. WRIGHT was lying upon his sick bed in Canada with typhoid fever, with hardly a hope of recovery, his eldest son, Albert H. Wright, a bright and

promising young man of eighteen years, was also stricken with the same disease and survived his father only one day. Such a sad scene had never before been witnessed in Susquehanna County as when both father and son were buried together side by side.

Mr. President, I can not conclude these remarks more fittingly than by quoting the following well-deserved eulogium upon my late colleague, which appeared in the editorial columns of the Hallstead Herald, of Susquehanna County, Pa., written by a personal friend of Mr. WRIGHT, who had a high regard for him, and which I am sure echoes the sentiments of the heart of every man, woman, and child in the old Wilmot district:

He is no more; his chair is vacant; his brain is still; his voice is hushed. How strange and weird those words applied to him! As the sun sank behind the hills he loved so well the warm rays lighted the pitiful scene of final parting. The mysterious grave is about to close; the mantle drawn forever. The human soul cries out: "O Death, where is thy pity?" Death, thy lessons seem stern and cruel. Vain hope; reason will not explain; the veil can not be drawn. The end has come, and bowed in sorrow we cast a simple flower, a tear, upon his casket ere it is hidden from our sight forever. We kneel beside his grave and thereon gently place the chaplet; across the headstone a garland lay. Never did we feel like feebleness in attempting to give full justice to a life and character. If but for a moment to possess a soul of superior thought, that we might choose sublimest words in language, might command fulsome praise of the eloquent; in another's thought, that we might dip our pen in sunshine and write in words of living light that all the world could read. The task is beyond us.

As well might we attempt to chisel the rarest grace in form or paint the gem in the picture world; and yet how little avails all plaudits and words of praise when he in truth is gone. His death is deplored as a personal bereavement, a state of national affliction. In the grand panorama of existence, on the great stage of life, none acted better his part or left greater impress of life wherever known.

Hero worship is thought by some to be a glaring fault. To see the grand intellect grasping at questions of state and social problems, at a glance to solve the mystery of complicated financial knots, and thus while stupidity stands mute and stalks the earth—who would not be a hero worshiper? Ignorance alone will fail to worship such God-given gifts in the mind of man.

MYRON B. WRIGHT possessed those elements which made him tower above his fellow-men. His life, from the cradle to the grave, is marked by genius. From

a poor boy, in a few years he rose to be a millionaire, while tens of thousands in the same county sat like monuments of pity and mourned their bitter lot. Yea, a prince among men has been cut off in the morning of his life. All the bright jewels that make man great in the eyes of his fellow-men flashed in the crown of his character. To meet him was to be his friend. To know him well was to love him much. Generosity, frankness, and friendship were the predominating graces of his character. His acts of kindness and charity will be the theme of old and young for years to come. His generous heart and elegant entertainment is the gossip of our national capital. No man can stand up to-day and say in truth that MYRON WRIGHT deceived him. To his frankness and candor all can testify. He despised deception and fawning, but admired manly expressions of conviction, were they for or against him.

His strong friendship was proverbial, as fixed as the sun, as certain as day and night. He clung to his friends and they were drawn to him in an unusual degree. Before us lies the last letter we received from him but a short time before his death. The final sentence speaks his heart: "Believe me, I depend upon your friendship and that of every other friend I have more and more as the years pass by, and friendship to my mind means something more than the word; it means loyalty, kindness, constancy, and liberal good feeling, and a thousand other virtues combined to make it perfect." The practice of his life lies in that thought. The soul of honor; a man whom the people loved to honor. To the stricken wife and son we would that we could bear some pearl of thought, some tender word of solace to ease their anguish for a moment. But no! words count for naught in times like these; there is but One who can give comfort. To the brother, whom the deceased loved so well that many times we have seen tears start to his eyes while he spoke in praise of his virtues as he saw them—to him our hearts go out, for now he bears it all. This county never witnessed such a scene—father and son side by side, shining marks for death almost the same day. Strange are God's plans to us! A hundred times in life we have seen that father and son arm in arm, companions in thought, in study, in business, and on the field of sport.

We stood in the crowded church and heard the good divine preach. We saw many beautiful flowers and heard heavenly song, and strong men standing bowed in tears, and then there came a burst of sunshine through the stained windows that cast fitful and weird shadows across the church. And in front of the altar were father and son, companions still, even to the end.

Address of Mr. Daniel.

Mr. President: The Fifty-third Congress is now drawing to an end. In a few more days its record will have been made up and it will have passed away as a tale that is told. Amidst its closing hours the Senate has paused from the press of its labors to take official notice of the death of Myron B. Wright, a Representative of the State of Pennsylvania, who died at Trenton, in Canada, on the 13th day of November, 1894, in the forty-eighth year of his age.

The event which commands silence in this Hall and bows every head is not a rare one in its nature. It has been all too frequent during the Congress which is about to end, and all too frequent in its visits to the good people of our sister State of Pennsylvania. Eleven of the Representatives and four of the Senators who assembled here when this Congress began have passed beyond this theater of contention and beyond the voices of praise or blame.

The Representative to whom we pay this last parting tribute of our respect was in the prime of his life and of his usefulness; and if we may judge by the voice of his own people and by the voice of those colleagues and associates who were his most intimate colaborers, he earned the tribute of having been a faithful Representative of the people whose agent he was.

We read and we hear of men who pass long lives in the accumulation of riches, and who spend their last years in building some splendid mausoleum of marble in order to preserve their dust from the dissolution of time. I envy

them not. Better the humble grave and better the simple epitaph which this honest gentleman has won from the testimony of those around him: "Here lies one who accepted a public trust and was faithful to it."

Mr. President, the people of this country know the political opinions of their public servants. They take up the Congressional Record in order to ascertain something of the nature and extent of the public services of their agents. But while that Record may be a true indicator of what the Congress has done, it is in very imperfect measure a mirror of what its members did toward the accomplishment of that result which affects the whole people. Some imagine that those who have filled those pages with the longest and most frequent speeches have been the most important factors in obtaining the results that followed them.

There could not be a greater mistake. Washington and Jefferson were members of deliberative bodies. Yet if we were to judge by speaking they would long since have been forgotten by mankind. The Record of Congress, like the dial of the watch, may indicate the time of day, but it discloses nothing of the secret and delicate workings of the machinery which have enabled the hands so to indicate.

The dead Representative whom we mourn and to whom we pay tribute to-night was not of those who, if we were to look at the Record, were loudest or most conspicuous in their demonstrations. He seemed to have conceived the idea when he came here that to work for the interests of his people was the highest duty and calling of a Representative, and he spent the days and years of his service in fulfilling that ideal. In the conferences of the committee room, in the long night sessions, in the deliberations and studies

over public questions, in the refining of judgments, in the power of self-repression, in the training of one's self not to give way to selfish and sectional interests—in these things are summed up the character of that Representative whose death caused regret among his colleagues and to his country a loss which can be ill supplied.

Mr. WRIGHT was a business man. He dedicated his life to practical affairs. He was the cashier of a bank never suspected of any delinquency. He was a manufacturer who succeeded in his business. He had the honorable and high ambition—and I wish it were one more indulged in by those who are successful in business and in great affairs—to serve his countrymen in Congress. They appreciated the sturdy and excellent abilities which he displayed at home. They sent him here; they reelected him; they broke the record of their own district and section to reelect him a third and fourth time; and he died in their service with his harness on.

Death, Mr. President, is an inconvenient guest. It has no herald to ride before it and announce its coming, and needs no footman or groom to wait upon its footsteps; it strides through the darkness in the majesty of its loneliness and of its own imperious power, and only announces its presence by its effect. Whether the hand lifted in labor falls or whether the idler, loafing upon the sunny side of life, is stricken, when it comes all must bow to it and respect it and wait upon it. So it has come, and has stricken down this strong man in the midst of his useful career.

We may say of him that he had those virtues which make a people great. He was industrious; he had a purpose in life which he set out to accomplish and from which he was

never diverted. He was hospitable, and rejoiced in the possession of an ample home where he might entertain those who were his neighbors and friends. He was generous and kind, and appreciated the opportunity to show it. He is dead. It is difficult to fill the place of such a man; and we we pay him the best tribute to one departed from our sight when we say we regret that he has gone, and that a faithful Representative of the people who trusted him is no more.

Address of Mr. Peffer.

Mr. President: Within fifty hours from this time the Fifty-third Congress will have passed into history. During the two years of its life no fewer than fifteen of its members have passed away. There went from this Chamber Mr. Stanford of California, Mr. Colquitt of Georgia, Mr. Vance of North Carolina, and Mr. Stockbridge of Michigan. From the House of Representatives, J. L. Chipman of Michigan; William Mutchler, Charles O'Neill, and William Lilly, of Pennsylvania; G. W. Houk of Ohio, William H. Enochs of Ohio, R. F. Brattan of Maryland, M. C. Lisle of Kentucky, G. B. Shaw of Wisconsin, Myron B. Wright of Pennsylvania, and Philip S. Post of Illinois all passed to the other side.

These facts, Mr. President, remind us not only of the uncertainty of human life and the certainty of the death of men and of women, but that death comes alike to all classes. The most distinguished honors which could be conferred upon many citizens, according to their own estimation of honors, is to serve their country in the Hall of the House of Representatives; others prefer this body, which moves somewhat slower, perhaps at times with somewhat more dignity and decorum, and that is the measure of their ambition. But we find that the greatest as well as the least among us are liable to this summons, and always when it is least expected.

The lesson this teaches us, it seems to me, is the importance of a clean life on the part of every public man, to live

before his fellow-men just as he would live before his own family, to discharge the trusts which the people impose upon him the same as he would discharge obligations due his wife, his mother, or his child. Here men move in a wider sphere than in their own homes; they are moving in the presence of the public, in the presence of a critical world, and upon them are centered the eyes of the people.

What a grand achievement it is in a man's life to have fathers and mothers point to him as a model that their children may safely follow, the life of a public man so clean that a mother can point to him and say to her boy, "Look at that man, follow him; observe the cleanliness of his life, the uprightness of his purposes, the height of his aims, the breadth of his views, the ambition of his nature to be useful—he is the man whose example you may safely follow." The father takes his boy to a public meeting, where thousands are gathered together to do honor to a public man or to hear his utterances from the public platform. How encouraging it is when he can say to his boy, "Follow the record of that man."

In the case of Mr. WRIGHT, whose virtues we are commemorating here this evening, I was among those who attended his funeral services. His home was upon the banks of the beautiful Susquehanna, in the midst of that grand and picturesque scenery of old Pennsylvania. It happened that his boy, his firstborn, and himself lay, not side by side, but one just beyond the other, in coffins in the same room at the same time. I found in the small town—small compared with Washington or with New York or with Chicago—where his family resided this man was beloved by not only the elder persons in the community, the

fathers and the mothers and the brothers and the sisters, but by the boys and the girls, the children, the sweet ones, the jewels of the home, numbering perhaps in all 15,000 to 20,000.

This man, it was stated then, as is said here to-night, was a successful man in business. Mr. President, he was successful in a higher sense and in a better sense than in business, for, while it requires a high order of talent to rise and to continue rising in the world of affairs, yet there is a grander success even than that; it is to win and retain the respect of your fellow-men. Here was a multitude of people which had come to pay honor to this man's memory, and it was not because he was a successful man in business; that was not the reason of this multitude of worshipers; but it was because he had been kind to the poor, because he remembered the needy. He visited the widow and the fatherless children, and wherever this man's footprints were traced it was found that they led to the houses of the poor and the dwellings of the common people.

It was from them the praises came; and, Mr. President, that is a broad field of usefulness. The highest ambition of mortal man is to be useful among his fellow-men. The heart that warms the hovels of the poor and cheers and comforts the common people is the heart that lives and grows during all the coming ages.

That leads me to the afterthought not only of the immortality of good deeds, but of the immortality of a life that is capable of performing good deeds. What a cold, cheerless wilderness of life it would be, Mr. President, if there were no hope beyond this, if there were no gleamings of the future life coming to us as the years come and go.

Tell me that such characters are to be cut off in the midst of their usefulness, and nothing that they have done shall live after them! If the soul that is capable of these great deeds is to be cut off from all further human associations and to pass into air, as the elements of the body pass into the earth, life would not be worth living. But it is the success that attends the steps of men and women as they move on toward the beautiful future which adds courage and stimulus to life; and though we slip at times, though we fail occasionally, yet the hope that is beyond is a constant inspiration and reward.

More than that, Mr. President; those of our own families who have gone before us—what a cheerless and dreary wilderness of life it would be when our little ones are taken away from us had we no hope beyond this life!

Mr. President, it was not my good fortune to be personally acquainted with Mr. WRIGHT. I speak of him as a Pennsylvanian; I speak of him as a man, as a father, as a son, as a citizen, as a benefactor. I have heard nothing but good of him. Quoting from one of the newspapers in his neighborhood the day after his death:

> A more generous or noble-hearted man never lived—

Says his friend and companion, the editor of this paper—

> nor a more just, faithful, honorable one. Every trust confided to him was performed with conscientious fidelity. Those who knew him best loved him most. In his friendships he was true as steel, steadfast and unfailing in every emergency. He was never known to make a promise that he did not sacredly redeem, no pledge that he did not manfully fulfill.

Another friend wrote of him:

> He was the soul of generosity, and no good cause ever appealed to him in vain for aid, and hundreds of the recipients of his big-heartedness will forever cherish his memory. Wealth and success in life never turned his head, and he was always the same approachable, genial, companionable gentleman, best liked where he was the best known, and respected and honored by all.

What a eulogy that is upon a man's character! He had accumulated a vast fortune, and yet the children of the poor esteemed him; all classes of the community honored him. May it be so with us all, Mr. President.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The question is on the adoption of the resolutions submitted by the Senator from Pennsylvania [Mr. Cameron].

The resolutions were agreed to unanimously.

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